

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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### Review of New Books.

*Journal of an Expedition 1400 miles up the Orinoco and 300 up the Arauca; with an Account of the Country, the Manners of the People, Military Operations, &c.* By J. H. Robinson, late Surgeon in the Patriotic Army. Illustrated with seven Plates. 8vo. pp. 397. London, 1822.

WHATEVER success the South Americans may have gained in their ten years' revolution, it is certain that their cause has been an unfortunate one to almost every Englishman that has embarked in it. We have, in our preceding volumes, had occasion to detail the sufferings of three of our countrymen, Brown, Harket, and Col. Hippeley, who had volunteered their services in erecting the Venezuelan republic; and even General D'Evereux, who made as much preparation and as much noise about his expedition as if it had been to conquer a new world, appears not to have met with much encouragement, since a grant of land of one hundred thousand acres in Venezuela, made to him by Boliva, when brought to the hammer at the auction-mart a few days ago, fetched but three hundred and fifty guineas, being somewhat less than a penny per acre.

Mr. Robinson, whose work is now before us, is another English adventurer, who, after enduring the same neglect as many of his fellow countrymen, but persevering much longer and penetrating much farther, at last fell a victim, among thousands of others, to the pestilential climate of those regions. Mr. Robinson, says the editor of this posthumous work, 'has traversed the interior of Venezuela by its most interesting route; has borne a part in the sanguinary war, which at this moment devastates it; has gone through scenes of extraordinary suffering.' It appears that Mr. Robinson, who had long admired the cause of the South American wars, in August, 1817, was induced by the representations of the Venezuelan agents in London, to join an expedition then fitting out for South

America; after encountering the storm in which the Indian (with so many passengers on the same destination) was lost, the vessel succeeded in reaching the island of Porto Santo, where the parties were very hospitably received. Their sailing from Santo Porto, passing Madeira, and crossing the line, until the arrival at St. Bartholomew, afforded nothing more particular than the usual process of shaving those who cross the line for the first time.

At St. Bartholomew's, such unfavourable accounts prevailed respecting the Patriots, that considerable desertions took place among the English adventurers; Mr. Robinson finding it impossible to organize his medical establishment, offered his services as a military volunteer, but they were not accepted. Here our author was much amused by a Negro dance, the description of which is worth quoting:—

'These slaves have Sunday to themselves; and the after part of that day is regularly set apart for the purpose of dancing. From ten to twenty or thirty, of both sexes, meet together, in the suburbs of the town. They form a sort of ring; and in one part of it the musicians with their instruments are placed. These instruments are an empty barrel laid on one side, which from the head has been removed, and a second laid in the same way, from which also the head has been removed, and for that is substituted an animal's skin dried. These are the drums. The one without the head, and the other with the skin, are each sat upon by one of the party—the one beats with two pieces of stick on the skin; the other on the side of the barrel. The only other instrument, or rather two instruments, are two baskets, and these contain a quantity of some sort of hard dried nuts or small gravel. The man who conducts these, uses them alternately or together, so as to make the contents produce as much noise as possible. In their use too, he distorts his body, in every possible direction. The sounds, however, which they produce, by the proper management of these simple instruments, are far from being unpleasant. Their dances seem something in the style of what they call in Scotland the *everlasting reel*. All the men are constantly employed, during the dance, in singing a sort of wild air, at certain parts of which there

is a general howl set up by the women, which consists of one note only.'

Mr. Robinson now proceeded up the Orinoco to Angostura; the passage was tedious—the attacks of the insects annoying—the conduct of the captain villainous—the privations of the passengers numerous and distressing, being often obliged to eat monkeys. While at anchor one day, the vessel was surrounded by a number of canoes, filled with Gaurannos Indians:—

'Many of these people are painted all over, and some on particular parts of their body only, with a sort of red nut, called Roocoo or Ruco. This painting serves two purposes: it gives their person a singular appearance, while it also prevents the bites of insect vermin, of which there are millions here. Some of them had their heads decorated with a rude garland, formed of parrots' feathers, while others had figures of various shape painted on their body and face. They are very well shaped, but generally of small stature; yet occasionally we found some most stupendous figures among them. Their face is broad, or rather almost round, and their head is covered with long black hair, except over the face, where it is cut right across. It hangs over their breast, shoulders, and back. Their eyes are small; and their shoulders round, from the use of the paddle. They evidently had different ranks among them; and doubtless the various kinds of painting on their body were marks of distinction. These poor creatures remained with us about two hours, when they paddled off, and entered the bush to follow their various occupations.'

Want of provisions made our author anxious to endeavour to shoot some birds whenever the vessel was at anchor, but his success was very limited:—

'One day, however, I shot what the natives here call the *arooka*, which is a large dark coloured bird, larger than the English turkey. Attached to this animal's wings is a curious provision of nature: at each joint there is one tooth of an inch and a half long, and another about an inch long, on each wing, and exactly shaped like the point of a bayonet. There can be no doubt of this being a very strong and a very fierce bird; and, by the strength of his bill and neck, his feet and wings, I think he might be very able not only to



act on the defensive, but also on the offensive. At any other time, I should have said this bird is not fit for human use; but we are mere creatures of habit, and our opinions, on these points, change with our situation. Although the animal smelt and tasted of rancid fish, I made a very hearty meal of it.

At Angostura, Mr. Robinson had an interview with the supreme chief, Bolivar, who treated him rather cavalierly. While he was waiting either to get a passport home, or an employment in the republican service, he was enabled to make himself acquainted with the manners of the people, who are a mixture of South American and native Indians. He says,—

‘Every movement they make, either corporeally or mentally, exhibits the most perfect specimen of indolence I ever witnessed. Many of them will rather starve than trouble themselves about any sort of occupation; and I sincerely believe, that many, very many of them, were they even provided with food, would suffer a great deal rather than be at the trouble of cooking it. In their walk, which is generally slow, they, (and especially the women,) roll from side to side, alternately swinging each arm, as if by that to work themselves forward with as little trouble as possible.

‘The supreme chief does not allow marriage, but lays no sort of shackle on those who may wish to live together. What his motives for this are, I know not. Some say it is to prevent a man in the field from thinking too much about his home, and thereby omitting his duty. One circumstance I could observe: he did not seem averse to sanction the marriage of two classes of people. I knew an instance of a license being applied for by a man about 42 to be married to a woman about 70, and it was instantly granted; and one or two others, in which when the man was about 50 and the female from 10 to 11 years of age! Perhaps he did not think such connexions formed upon an attachment likely to last, and, at all events, not likely to embarrass a man in the hour of his military duty.

‘It does not appear that marriage imposes upon the two sexes any moral restraint. They not only visit each other indiscriminately, mixing with each other at public meetings, balls, &c. without regard to condition, but even a common intercourse exists between them, notwithstanding the natural barrier which they have imposed upon themselves.

‘The women, in particular, dress very slovenly, and every age and sex smoke segars, often throughout the whole day. It is by no means unusual to see children of three or four years of age puffing away with an appearance of gravity which is quite ridiculous. A woman does not know in what way she can shew you greater attention than by lighting your segar, and after giving it two or three puffs handing it to you.

‘Angostura town is not now in such want as in former times; and, were it not that money is very scarce, every one would live tolerably well. Even as it is, my allowance at present (I say at present, for bread is sometimes not to be had,) is two good-sized loaves, one half of which is sufficient to serve me, a quantity of salt, and eight or ten times more beef than I am able to use. It is true the beef is lean; but I like it well enough, at least till I can get better.

‘The people here have various ways of dressing beef; so that a well-furnished table often brings to my recollection a meeting which took place between John Hagart, the Scotch Advocate, and Lord Polkemet, a Lord of Session. Lord P. usually retired to his country-residence during that part of the year when the court does no business. John H., equally idle, from a similar cause went to shoot; and happening to pass Lord P.’s property, he met his Lordship, who politely invited John to take, or as he said, *tak* a family dinner with himself, his wife, and daughter. John accepted this invitation; and they all assembled at the hour of dinner. There was a joint of roasted veal at the head of the table, stewed veal at the bottom, veal soup in the middle, veal’s head on one side of the soup, and veal cutlets on the other, calf’s foot jelly between the soup and roast veal, and veal’s brains between the stewed veal and the soup.—“Noo,” says his Lordship, in his own blunt way, “Mr. H. you may very likely think this an odd sort of dinner? but ye’ll no wonder when you ken the cause of it. We keep nae company Mr. H.; and Miss B. here, my daughter, caters for our table. The way we do is just this:—we kill a *beast* as it were to-day, and we just begin to cook it at one side of the head, travel down that side, turn the tail, and just gang back again by the other side to where we began.” Lord P.’s method resembles that of dressing the *carne* here, only his Lordship’s *beast* might sometimes be a cow, sometimes a calf, and sometimes a sheep, while our’s is nothing but *carne*,—beef to breakfast, beef to dinner, beef to supper, and beef to breakfast again.

‘The better orders of the people conduct themselves at the table with great regularity and propriety, as much so indeed as could be expected in any country where the advantages of European civilization have not been experienced. Their plates at table are always placed before you bottom uppermost, to prevent the insect vermin from dropping into them. The middle orders of people, however, seldom have even one knife at table, and three-fourths of them have nothing but their fingers as substitutes for spoons, knives, and forks. The lower orders, indeed, would apply them to no other purpose than as weapons of destruction to stab each other.

‘From this coarse mode of feeding among the great body of the people, and from the gross materials upon which they

subsist, stomachic complaints are very prevalent, which are greatly increased by habits naturally indolent and unclean.

‘Smoking tobacco, especially in the form of segars, is almost universally practised; and almost all the women, who practise this more than the men, lose their front teeth. They have another disgusting habit, which is, that of scratching themselves, as if at eternal warfare with their bosom friends, which are in great quantity.

Mr. Robinson says, that the emancipation of the slaves has here been injurious, so far as it has proceeded; the liberated slaves having joined in parties with Sambos and other natives, and have become robbers and murderers:—

‘A party of these mountain marauders, about the beginning of December, went into a cottage where there were fourteen of a family, men and women. They put the question, what cause they espoused, and they were told *Patriots*. Will you live and die in the cause of patriotism was the question; which was promptly answered in the affirmative. “Well, then,” replied these monsters, “die you rebels;” and they then butchered all of them. The commandant of the quarter obtained a knowledge of this instance of the butcheries perpetually committed in this country, and went in quest of the marauders. He met them in the woods, engaged them, shot three out of seven; but two escaped, and two brothers were taken prisoners. They were tried, and sentenced to be shot. They were accordingly conducted from the prison or guard-house in the Plaza; the eldest about twenty-seven, and the youngest not more than nineteen or twenty years.

‘This horrible procession moved slowly along to the flag-staff on the top of the hill, where there were two seats fixed to the ground. Their eyes being blinded they were seated, and twenty muskets were discharged at each of their hearts. They were suffered to remain at the same place for two days, in order that that the people might be intimidated, and avoid those causes which had brought them to their untimely end.

An expedition was at length prepared for San Fernando, and Mr. Robinson accompanied it. Some incidents which occurred in the passage, are worth noticing. One evening after sunset, says our author:—

‘We were gratified by a most splendid spectacle, the burning of an immense tract of growing wood, probably about three miles from where we lay. The view we had of this, was, of course, only one side of the flame, and how far it extended in the other directions; I cannot even guess. What was visible to us I think extended, without intermission, over a space of at least ten or twelve miles. I can imagine nothing so near this tremendous sight as that of the whole of London in one uni-

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versal blaze, while the spectator had a full view of it from Hampstead or Highgate hills.

'We had passed several immense banks of sand, left uncovered by the falling of the river, and, on every hand, there were plenty of others becoming larger every day. In these we found thousands of turtle and turtle-eggs, of which we partook in great profusion. The turtles go ashore in the night, and deposit their eggs (sometimes amounting to forty or fifty, or even more) about one or two feet deep in the sand where they remain to undergo the process of hatching. To catch the turtles they go ashore and remain all night, and when the animals have proceeded far enough from the water, their return must be interrupted, and an attempt made to catch the edge of their shell, and throw them on their back. Extreme care must at this time be observed, to prevent a scratch or a blow from their feet, or a bite, which last is often extremely severe; because, from the conformation and strength of their jaw, they often wholly remove the part they seize. When, however, they are thrown on their back, they are deprived of all power of escape, and can be easily conveyed wherever one may wish.

'Here alligators are very plentiful, and many of them very large; and it has oftener than once amazed me that the natives, who are so fond of bathing, almost along-side of them, should so often escape their destructive jaws. This can only be accounted for in one way: the alligator does not like to make an attack, unless the individual be either standing or swimming quietly, and the natives, aware of this, keep splashing about in a most extraordinary manner. In swimming, too, they often engage with each other, in a sort of aquatic fight, and thus tumbling about, in every possible direction, they keep the water in perpetual agitation; while, in addition to that, they howl and bellow like a drove of bulls. I must confess, that bathing in company with alligators would never fail to destroy every pleasure I could reap from that necessary operation, in every climate; but more especially in this, where the extreme heat of the sun absolutely blisters the skin, unless it be protected from its rays. Fahrenheit's thermometer, in the shade, at this time, stood at 12 o'clock noon, at ninety, and, were it not that the nights are rather cooler here than at Angostura, I believe we should be unable to live with any degree of comfort.'

The dress of a Venezuelan general forms a striking contrast to those of Europe, who are 'stuck o'er with ribands and hung round with strings.' General Monagas, the republican general, was dressed in a blue jacket, white vest, and trowsers, a cap made of a leopard's skin, with one shoe entire (stockings were out of the question), and the other so shattered, that he had been obliged

to tie it about his ankle, to prevent its dropping off. The expedition was now ordered to join Paez by the Caballari; the very name of this river made our author sorrowful, as it was in it that his unfortunate friend, Colonel Macdonald, fell, being murdered by the natives. The progress up the Arauca, and the military operations in which Mr. Robinson was engaged, we must leave.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*The Veteran; or the Farmer's Sons: a Comic Opera, in Three Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, with the most distinguished applause.* By E. Knight, Comedian. 8vo. pp. 68. London, 1822.

To Mr. Knight we have often been indebted for an hour's amusement in his capacity as a comedian; he is now doubly generous, and has afforded us a hearty laugh at him in the quality of an author. It may, perhaps, be in the recollection of some of our readers, that on or about the 23rd of last month, a comic opera, called the *Veteran*, was produced, and that, though destitute of every recommendation, except some pleasing music, it was received with applause the first night, by as good-natured an audience as ever sat before a curtain. After languishing some half-dozen nights, to which it was played to 'a beggarly account of empty boxes,' the *Veteran* expired, though, to quote the burden of one of the author's songs, with a very slight alteration;—

'The heart will never beat the muffled drum when such an opera dies.'

In noticing this piece when it was performed, we hoped we had done with it; and, although we could not but regret that the first theatre in London should be disgraced by many pieces so much beneath its dignity, yet we spoke in terms of tenderness of Mr. Knight's bantling. Since then the *Veteran* has been published; and although we shall not occupy the time or insult the good sense of our readers by noticing what, as a reading play, is beneath all notice, yet we cannot suffer the dedication and preface to pass without a word.

The *Veteran*, then, in a dedication dated from Mr. Knight's *rus in urbe* (we presume it must be 'Garden Cottage, Covent Garden Chambers,') is inscribed to Mr. Munden's 'unrivalled talents;' to 'that genius which has shone so brightly through a long day, and

which, even now, shines as brightly on the evening of an honoured and honourable life.' Next follows the dedication, which commences with one of the most impudent and unblushing assertions we ever heard; we will copy it, and leave our readers to judge, merely premising for the benefit of such as did not see the play, that neither with the excellent acting of all the performers, nor the attraction of Miss Forde, who made so successful a *debut* in it, could it be kept on the stage above half a-dozen nights.

'In justice,' says modest Mr. Knight, the author, 'to the performers and the composers, I feel myself called upon to declare, that during a service of twenty years, I never witnessed a more flattering reception, than that with which this opera was honoured, on its production and on each succeeding representation; not a breath of discontent disturbed the tranquillity of audience, author, or actor. The loud voice of victory proclaimed the *Veteran's* triumph, and the *dramatis personæ* hailed *viva voce* the author's success more rapturously than their own.'

Whether Mr. Knight was ashamed of this paragraph (as he ought to be,) or not, appears doubtful; but he afterwards tells us that 'the heart that is tenacious of the public voice should ever be the first to join in it,' which means, we presume, that the actors should cheer each other on the stage.

Mr. Knight next compliments the actors individually, and it is really fortunate for them that they stand too high in public favour to be affected by the silly rhapsodies of their brother actor. Of our old favorite, Munden, we are told that 'there is a depth of consideration, a fullness of expression, and a richness of intonation about this gentleman's colouring, unattainable by any other actor.' If our readers understand this, we congratulate them on their discernment. Harley is 'a stock favorite with the public,' whose 'taste in getting up characters of the Proteus nature, stands in the winter houses without a parallel.' 'To Mr. Gattie,' says Mr. Knight, 'there is some apology due for placing him in a part so much below his *calibre*.' Gattie's *calibre*! Poor Gattie is no great gun, though he goes off well generally, except in the character Mr. Knight assigned him, when his *calibre* was large enough certainly, for he was a *great bore*; but to the next.

'Mr. G. Smith sang and acted the little that fell to his share so as to excite



a regret at his not giving a further *taste of his quality.* Now we would stake a copy of Mr. Knight's *Veteran* to a halfpenny whistle, that honest George Smith laughed in his face when he read this part of the preface to him. After a very silly compliment to Mr. Powell, whose amiable private character ought to shield him from insult, the author proceeds to Madame Vestris, 'who, on this occasion, shone with a glory round her irresistibly captivating;' and who is thus further be-praised. 'Beauty and genius for the most part have their separate charms and distinct worshippers; but in her they have built one common shrine; where he, who only thinks to pay his vows to beauty, will find himself the unexpected votary of genius.'

The climax of the performers is with Miss Povey, who, saith Mr. Knight, 'was cheered in such a manner, as to prove unequivocally the strong impression her liquid sounds have made upon the musical taste of the town; some such inspiration induced Shakespeare to write, "while I am meditating on that celestial harmony, I go on." Of Miss Forde, to whom the opera was much indebted, Mr. Knight's praise is just and not inflated.

So much, then, for the performers, but the gratitude of Mr. Knight does not terminate here. Mr. Elliston's liberality in the getting up of this piece, induced him to give a *carte blanche* to every department of his establishment. We do not doubt it; but if he has many such pieces, we fear that his box-book will soon be a *carte blanche* itself. Mr. Russell and Mr. Winston come in for their share of the general praise, and thus ends 'this strange eventful story,' and with it all further remark on Mr. Knight's *Veteran*.

#### *Henderson's History of the Brazil.*

(Concluded from p. 182.)

In the last number of the *Literary Chronicle*, we gave a description of Rio Janeiro; and we now quote some other sketches relating to that city, where religious exhibitions and feasts succeed each other without intermission, the Brazilian calendar being well supplied with saints and festivals:—

'At Whitsuntide, three or four days are dedicated to the consecration of oxen, fowls, &c. and their consumption. The churches retail these articles at high prices, producing a considerable revenue. In some of the parishes, at this time, the inhabitants, by turns, are at the expense of a public feast, and it occasionally costs some individuals seven or eight hundred

pounds. A boy, the son of the person giving this entertainment, sits upon a throne, attended by boys and girls of his own age; he is called the emperor, and, with a sceptre in his hand, presides over the feast. I saw two exhibitions of this sort on the 1st of June, one in the Campo St. Anna, and the other at the Lappa, accompanied with fire-works. They are extremely ludicrous. The festival of Corpus Christi, on the 10th of June, is one of their grandest processional displays. It is only upon these occasions that the ladies appear in public; early in the day, cabriolets, drawn by mules, are seen driving in every direction towards the Ruas Direita and D'Aquitanda, containing females in their gala dresses, while the military of every description are assembled in the streets to assist in the procession, which consists principally of priests and friars, whose prodigious numbers are calculated to swell out the cavalcade, together with the numerous inhabitants of different parishes, wearing cloaks peculiar to the churches, which are various and showy. The whole forms two lines, preceded with banners, each person, including the priests, carrying a ponderous looking wax-candle, about six feet high, one end of which is placed at every step upon the ground. The royal horses, sumptuously caparisoned, and decorated with ribands, from their noses to the ends of their long tails, are led by grooms dressed in the most tawdry style, the royal servants of every order following; then the judges, and all classes of people employed by the government. The fidalgos and ministers precede and follow the bishop, who carries the host, under a superb canopy, attended by Princes, Don Pedro and Don Miguel, the supporters of his train! The king usually follows the bishop as train-bearer, but on this occasion he did not. The dresses of all were rich and costly; and the procession, amounting to some thousands of persons, proceeded along the Rua Direita and returned by the Rua d'Aquitanda, to the palace chapel; after which there was a grand display of fire-works. All the balconies were crowded with females, adorned with precious stones. The fronts of the houses were hung with silks and crimson velvet, gilded with ornaments; and the streets strewn with green leaves. The general effect of the whole was very imposing.

'There is rather a celebrated annual procession, on the 10th of October, in the Rua dos Ourives, having its foundation in some religious observance peculiar to the church of that street. All the houses are hung outside with tapestry and other stuffs, and ornamented with looking-glasses, and a great portion of the furniture which the house contains, not of the most elegant sort, and generally not over-abundant. A procession of padres, and numerous others belonging to the parish, takes place during the evening, drawing together an immense concourse

of people, while the females, who spend the last penny to procure a gay dress for these occasions, appeared at the balconies in a profusion of finery. The houses are illuminated, not with any transparent or appropriate devices, but with wax and common tallow candles; some placed in the front of looking-glasses, in order to produce a double brilliancy at half price.'

The relation of one more religious procession will enable the reader to form some estimate of the religious character of this people:—

'The procession of the host requires from the public more obsequious reverence than all the other component ingredients of the Catholic faith. Many persons prostrate themselves before it on their knees, in the streets and balconies; and others bend the body, and all take off their hats. I have frequently met this procession some miles in the country, the padre mounted on horseback, carrying with the same facility as an umbrella, a canopy in his hand, and under its sacred shade the host, or emblem of the Holy Ghost, accompanied by some attendants uncovered, and robed in scarlet cloaks, also on horseback; the whole moving on at a quick ambling pace, with the tinkling of bells, the peculiarity of which announces their approach, producing an universal prostration of all persons, white and black, who may be in the fields or houses adjoining the road.'

The notices of natural history in this volume are very interesting and the author has, with great propriety, thrown them into an Appendix at the end of the work; we shall briefly notice a few of the most remarkable:—

'The anta, which the Aborigines called *tapira* and *tapijerete*, is the largest of the Brazilian quadrupeds, and does not belong to any known species, constituting of itself a distinct one in the history of animals. It is the size of a small heifer, and very similar to a hog in the figure of its body, as well as the shape of the ears, which are proportioned to its size. The hair is short and sleek; the legs are thick and short; the hind feet have three hoofs, and the front feet four; the tail is of a tapering form, with little more than three inches in length; the head is large and long; the eyes small; the upper lip is a muscular appendage, which the animal extends four inches beyond the lower one, or draws it in to the same length; the mouth is furnished with eight pointed teeth in each jaw, ten grinders in the lower jaw and fourteen in the upper. It pastures like a horse, and, although heavy, has considerable velocity in its career. It is timid and harmless, doing no injury even to the dog which pursues it. Being amphibious, it swims and dives in an extraordinary manner, and proceeds along the bottom of the deep pools for a great distance, remaining for a long time under water without respiring. Its flesh differs from that of the ox only in taste and



smell, and is eaten generally. It is of all colours.

The *jaraticaca* or *cangamba*, as it is called in some provinces, and which some consider a species of pole-cat, resembles the *squash* of North America, is remarkable, not only for its beautiful figure, its white and black spots, and shaggy tail, but for its singular and invincible power of defence, which it uses with facility against every enemy. This animal, on being assaulted, and sometimes before, emits a portion of urine, so extraordinarily loathsome, that the aggressor thinks only of the mode of deliverance from it. The dogs rub their noses in the earth, and men are earnestly desirous to free themselves from their clothes, which retain the odious smell. Occasionally some are killed before they use this defence, or unexpectedly see their enemy, or at a distance when they do not anticipate the hunter. A naturalist, who dissected the *jaraticaca*, found, near the urinal vessel, a small receptacle of water, totally distinct from that of the bladder, and was persuaded that the foetid matter proceeded from thence. The fat of this animal, applied externally, is a very powerful emollient, and the flesh is said to have a good flavour when not infected with the foetid water; the skin is used for pockets; it passes for the civet-cat.

There are numerous species of the monkey, distinguished only by the size and colour of the hair:—

Those called by the Brazilians *guaribas* generally proceed in bands, and, for the most part, along the branches of trees, where the whole body make a noise, that is heard two miles off. The *satuens*, some of which are the size of a rat, are handsome, and esteemed for the white plumes or tufts that grow out of their ears. Of those called *barbados*, the male has a sort of cup, formed of bone, in the throat, which produces a loud and hoarse sound. Amongst others, we may notice those that have no regular dwelling places, and do not put their feet in water. They pass rivers, forming a chain by holding fast to each other, but if they should happen to fall into the water, they can swim like other quadrupeds. When they are on an excursion to rob the corn-fields of maize, one is always stationed as centinel, in a proper place to discover the approach of the hunter.

There are also a great diversity of ants. The most remarkable are those of *Mandioca*, of *Correigao*, and *Cupim*:—

The first are of a reddish colour, and a pest to agricultural productions, as well as fruit trees, such as the orange, and others equal in size or larger. It is necessary every day, in order to preserve the *mandioca* from the destructive attacks of this insect, to lay something for them to eat, in order that they may not devour the plantations at night or strip the trees of their foliage. It is during the night

alone that they commit these depredations. They form spacious subterraneous cavities, with many entrances and outlets, distant one from the other. When it happens that they form this cavity below the foundation wall of a house, sometimes it sinks, and, during the rainy season, most probably falls to the ground. The *Correigao* ant is small, and moves from one district to another in innumerable legions, covering many roods of territory in their march. No living insect can remain upon their line of march: the smaller ones are killed, and the larger obliged to fly. The *cupim* is a small ant, light coloured and flat, subsisting upon the flour or small particles of wood, with which, and a species of glue that issues from its body, it constructs an arch or vault over the road by which it travels, in order that it may not be seen by other insects and birds which destroy it. It is very destructive to the timbers of dwelling-houses, and builds its residence in the ceilings of the same materials, in a round form, full of little cells; sometimes it constructs it upon the point of branches of trees, but the greater number of *cupims* erect them upon the ground, with earth, rendered solid by the admixture of the said glue, the whole of the interior being full of cells, saloons, and covered ways; their form is pyramidical, some many feet in height, and they resist, for several winters, the tempests of rain that assail them; but the claws of the ant-bear crumble them to dust in a moment, when their inhabitants are as quickly devoured.

There are three sorts of Brazil wood; *Brazil mirim*, which is the best; *Brazil assu* or *rozado*, so called from its trunk being higher, more upright, of less girth, and the dye, which is extracted from it, of less consistency and more rosy; hence arises its second name. The *Braziletto* differs little from the *assu* in size, in the form of its trunk and tuft, and affords little dye. The *Brazil mirim* has a larger trunk, the rind greener and finer, the thorns smaller and thicker, the leaf smaller, and the wood more of a purple hue. The bark of the whole is smooth, and the thorns begin at the shoot and extend to the points of the branches. The flower of the *mirim* is white and very small, the wood, immediately on being cut, if put to the tongue, is sensibly bitter, which, on becoming dry, it loses, turning to an agreeable sweetness. These trees grow on rocks as well as plains. The wood is heavy and excellent for building; put into water it will remain sound, it is said, eternally; put into the fire it breaks in pieces, but does not produce any smoke. It is said, that the most proper time for cutting this timber for its dye, is at the time of the new moon in winter, and when in the fourth quarter in summer. A portion of vitriol and lime, or ashes, when thrown into the decoction of the *Brazil* wood, forms a black dye.

*Quinquina*, the *Jesuit* or *Peruvian* bark, was discovered about three centu-

ries ago in Peru, and met with only a few years since, near the heads of the river *Cuiaba*; it is a high tree, nine inches in diameter; the leaves are round at the base, and pointed at the end, glossy and of a beautiful green above, and striped with a brilliant dark green in the half near the base. The flowers, which are in bunches at the extremity of the branches, are shaped like a funnel, with the edge parted into five lancet forms, and shorter than the tube, hairy, green in the middle, bounded with white, and fringe at the borders. The pistil is white, and surrounded by five capillaments, within the tube of the flower. When the flower falls the cup swells at its middle, and takes the shape of an olive, changing into a fruit, whose numerous seeds, which are long, thick, of a green colour, and flat at the edge, are inclosed in two lodgements, divided by a double membrane.

### *The Travels of Theodore Ducas, &c.* Edited by Charles Mills.

WE still find our traveller where we left him, namely at Florence. He gives a good estimate of the state of letters in that city in the sixteenth century, as well as of the principal writers, particularly Machiavel and Guicciardini. Among the poets he notices Annibale Caro, to whom he attributes the highest genius for lyrical poetry, with Casa and Lasca who founded the Florentine academy. We pass over these to make an extract from his account of the libraries and printers in Florence:

'The first complete edition of a Greek classic that ever was printed, issued from a Florentine press, A. D. 1488. The book was Homer, in two volumes folio; one of the most beautiful specimens of typography that has yet appeared. Demetrius Chalcondyles was the editor, Demetrius of Crete the printer, while Bernardo and Neri de' Nerli, two noble Florentines, paid the pecuniary charges of the publication. Florence was, perhaps, the first city in Italy that printed without foreign aid. Her earliest printer was a native of the place. His name was Bernardo Cennini, he was originally a goldsmith, and goldsmiths were the most ingenious men of the time. In conjunction with his two sons he established a printing press at Florence. The first book he published was a folio edition of Virgil, in the year 1471. At the close of the work is a statement, not remarkable for its modesty, of the share which each of the family had in the publication. "Bernardo Cennini, universally acknowledged to be a most excellent goldsmith, and his son Dominico, a young man of rare abilities, having cut the punches and founded the characters, printed this book, which is their first work. Pietro Cennini, the other son of Bernardo, has corrected it with all possible care (as the learned reader will discover), for no



difficulties are insurmountable by the talents of Florentines."

"The Giunti family are known as printers, over all Italy, and in truth in France, for they have presses at Venice, Florence, and Lyons. Luca Antonio Giunta printed at Venice in the year 1482. His brother Filippo was a printer at Florence from 1497 to 1517. He purchased the Greek characters from which the celebrated Florentine Homer had been printed, and used them in some of his classics; and the printing of classics characterized his press. After Filippo's death, his son Bernardo was the master of the establishment. The prefaces of Filippo Giunta and Bernardo Giunta, particularly those of the latter, to their various classics, are elegantly written. Several very eminent scholars superintended the printing of the Giunta classics, and, therefore, accuracy may be said to be the merit of the Florentine press. But in respect of paper and ink, the productions of the Aldine press are far more beautiful. The general superiority of the Aldine classics was acknowledged by the Giunti, when they counterfeited the Italic character and Aldine anchor, and endeavoured to impose their books on the world as the genuine production of the Venitian press."

From Florence Theodore Ducas proceeds to Pisa, Bologna, and Parma, and gives an account of the state of literature and art, in all these places. Ferrara next comes under notice; and here he introduces Ariosto, to give his own account of his personal history. As this is merely a prose version of such parts of Ariosto's poems as allude to himself, we shall prefer quoting a critique on the *Orlando Furioso*, which our traveller very justly thinks the richest and most magnificent of the poems of chivalry:—

"The author commands, with the potent skill of a magician, all the marvels of Oriental sorcery that form the graceful colouring of the Spanish and French romances, which Ariosto had diligently read. Wit, elegance, pathos, satire, comedy, simplicity, the terrific and the sublime, the classic and the historic pages, the authentic annals and the fairy tale, all contribute their stores equally for the events that prevent the marriage of Ruggiero and Bradamante, who are the ancestors of the Este family, for the wars of Agramant, the Musselman chief, with Charlemagne, and for the misery and madness of Orlando on account of the beautiful Angelica bestowing her affections upon Medoro, and not upon himself. The valour of the cavaliers, and the tenderness, true feminine fortitude, and energy of the ladies of chivalry, are described in the most glowing colours. No author paints with more vividness and brilliancy than Ariosto. The interest of the reader is perpetually alert, for it is impossible to foresee the progress of the story.

"But, to enjoy the *Orlando Furioso*, we must associate with the poem a long train of chivalric recollections. We must imagine a lofty hall enriched with the trophies of war, where the minstrel roused the courage or softened into love or pity the hearts of knights and ladies, by singing the wars and loves of times which poetry has rendered bright and golden. Then the lively conversational style which pervades the greatest part of the *Orlando Furioso*, will appear brilliant, elegant, and harmonious, and the variety and quick transition of circumstances in the poem will seem the natural flights of genius roving over boundless worlds of fiction, and bearing away the feelings of the enraptured auditors."

The history of the Italian drama forms an admirable portion of this volume, and exhibits much good taste and authentic research. At Venice, Ducas visits his old master John Lascaris, to whom he had been indebted for his education. Lascaris communicates the necessary literary information relating to Venice; and Ducas gives us the origin and history of printing, with a full account of the Aldine press. Of all this, the notice of Aretino, which embraces his whole history, is the most curious:—

"Pietro Aretino, born in the year 1492, was the illegitimate son of a gentleman named Luigi Bacci and an obscure woman, and took his surname from Arezzo, the place of his birth. His education was extremely irregular and imperfect, and his mind, not constrained by scholastic decency or religious principles, burst forth in all its natural wildness and libertinism. He was driven from his native city for being the author of a satirical poem against indulgences. He then lived for some years at Perugia, exercising the trade of a bookbinder, and, about the year 1517, he sought his fortunes at Rome. He had not much enriched himself at Perugia, for he was obliged to enter the imperial city on foot; and all his fortune was upon his back. His cleverness, effrontery, and good fortune, introduced him into the service of a rich merchant. He was promoted into the household of Leo X. For seven years he enjoyed the protection of that Pope, and of his Holiness Clement VII., and received various favours from them, though he afterwards ungratefully complained that he had lost seven years of his life in the service of the Medici. He was obliged to fly from Rome, to avoid the punishment of Clement VII. for having composed inscriptions for the sixteen shameful engravings of Marco Antonio Raimondi, from the designs of Giulio Romano. After a short residence at Arezzo, he served under Giovanni de' Medici, who fought in aid of Francis I. By the mediation of his new patron, he obtained the pardon of Clement VII. and returned to Rome. A rival of Aretino, in the love of a fair cook of the Papal datary, attempted to assassinate him,

and as the injured lover could not obtain justice from the Papal government, he departed from Rome in anger, rejoined Giovanni de' Medici, and became his most faithful servant and constant companion. The general was, however, wounded in battle, and shortly afterwards died in the arms of Aretino. After his death Aretino had his portrait painted by Giulio Romano, and he always preserved it with care and affection. This circumstance proving Aretino's capability of friendship is worthy of record, as the only trait of virtue in his character.

"As the paths to military and public honors were closed against him, by the death of Giovanni de' Medici, he took up his abode at Venice as a man of letters. The doge Gritti gave him protection. His satirical disposition was not checked by generous feelings, and he wrote against Clement VII., even while his holiness was a prisoner in the castle of St. Angelo, after the sack of Rome. About the year 1530, a new reconciliation was effected between the satirist and the Pope, and the former freely confessed the baseness of adding reproaches to misfortune. Aretino, during most of his life, made Venice his chief residence. He used to call that city a terrestrial Paradise, a place wherein he could indulge the libertinism of his appetites, his tongue, and his pen. It is difficult to determine whether avarice, licentiousness, or gluttony, were his ruling passion.

"How low must have been the tone of moral feeling, when the satire was dreaded, or the praise courted, of a man of such notorious immorality! And yet he was admired or feared by the greatest political characters of his time. A person truly said to him, that he had vanquished more princes by his pen, than the greatest kings had conquered by their arms. He was styled by Ariosto and others, the scourge of princes, and he caused two medals in bronze to be struck, in one of which he calls himself the "flagellum principum," and in the other he boasts he had put under contribution those to whom other men paid tribute. His own head on each medal is adorned with laurel. On one of his medals, he speaks of his illegitimate children, as daughters of the *divine* Aretino. The title of Plato was commonly applied to him whether in seriousness or derision. The Emperor Charles V. gave him first a collar of gold and then a yearly pension of two hundred crowns. A chain of gold was sent to him by Francis I., at a moment when, in order to rekindle the liberal warmth of his benefactors, he had publicly declared that, finding only coldness and ingratitude among Christian princes, he meant to end his days at Constantinople. But Francis I. neglected to allow him a corresponding pension to that of Charles V., and immediately the stream of panegyric flowed only in favour of the Emperor. The constable of Montmorency promised Aretino considerable pecuniary returns for praise; and Aretino replied, that if a pension for life were settled

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on him, he would, with his accustomed veracity, celebrate the glory of the constable. He once accompanied the Duke of Urbino in an embassy of compliment to the Emperor Charles V., who was passing through the north of Italy into Germany. On the approach of the ambassadors, Charles called Aretino near him, and held him in conversation till their arrival at Perugia. The Emperor and his friend passed much of the day together, and Aretino recited before him a poem of more than three hundred verses full of flattery, equally detestable to recite and to hear. The next day the Emperor presented him with a considerable sum of money. Aretino then escaped from his company, for his cupidity was gratified, and he did not wish to go into Germany. The Emperor charged the Venetian ambassadors to entreat in his name the state of Venice to have the greatest regards for the person of Aretino, as the object of his dearest affections. In short, no man ever levied such large contributions in an enemy's country.

The baseness of his mind was as detestable as its effrontery. Many of his poetical pieces are demands upon princes for money. The arrogance is singular with which he requires as a debt, what he owed, in truth, to their liberality. The complaisance of his flattery, his abuse of others, and his paintings of his own misery, are perfectly unparalleled in the history of literature. The general licentiousness, and love of satire in the world, were sources of immense wealth to Aretino. Besides his pensions and his presents, he used to say that he gained from society at large a thousand crowns a-year. The demand for his works was so great that one mind was not equal to the task of composition. He hired the satirical abilities of Niccolo Franco, a writer as acrimonious as himself. The classical attainments of his coadjutor were highly valuable to Aretino, who knew little of languages, and, yet, who presumed to write on every subject. As pecuniary interest was his only motive he often changed opinions. At one time a flatterer, at another a satirist, he was as little scrupulous in recantation as in praise.

No man of his time was more noticed than Aretino. Every stranger at Venice paid him homage. The distinction was gratifying to his vanity; but it so much interrupted his course of writing, that he was obliged to pursue his literary occupations in the houses of his friends. As the iniquity of his life, and the avowed prostitution of his pen, did not prevent him from receiving the favor of princes, so these circumstances were not impediments to his acquisition of literary honors.

The Earl of Arundel, the English ambassador at Rome, made some trifling delay respecting payment of three hundred crowns which Henry VIII., King of England, intended as the reward for Aretino's dedication to him of a volume of letters. The greedy scribbler had the imprudence

in general company, to mutter suspicions of the Earl's honor. Lord Arundel, therefore, severely beat him. Aretino feigned it was only Christian charity that prevented him from retaliating, and, he said, he hoped God would as freely pardon his sins as he forgave that offence. Secular reasons were not out of his mind, and he was not happy, till by the intervention of a common friend, the Earl forgave him, and, what was of more consequence to Aretino, paid him the three hundred crowns. Notwithstanding the violence of his excesses, Aretino lived to the age of sixty-five; and then died from accident and not decay. The mode of his death corresponded with the tenor of his life. He fell from his chair and hurt himself mortally, while he was laughing at some stories regarding the amours of his sisters at Venice. It was currently reported that after he received extreme unction he exclaimed, "Now that I am well oiled preserve me from the rats." "Guardatemi da topi, or che son unto." But the anecdote wants confirmation. It was most likely a pious fraud. The good men among the clergy had been shocked at the turpitude of his life and writings; the bad ones called him an atheist, because he had exposed the disorders of the monks, and the irregularities of the convents. Neither is it true that the following profane epitaph was inscribed on his tomb:

Qui giace l' Aretin, poeta Tosco,  
Che disse mal d' ognun, fourché di Dio,  
Scusandosi col dir, *Non lo conosco.*

Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, Cremona, Genoa, and Milan, are next visited and described; and the work concludes with an account of Leonardo da Vinci, which is neither remarkable for its novelty or elegance; indeed Mr. Mills writes better on literature than on the fine arts.

We dare say our readers will ere now have perceived that Theodore Ducas is merely a *nom de guerre*, adopted by Mr. Mills, to give greater effect to his view of the state of literature and art in the sixteenth century. The illusion is well sustained; and in order to relieve himself from the slightest suspicion of the correctness of every fact and opinion stated, Mr. Mills gives a large appendix of documents and references, which prove his care, diligence, and research. Whither Mr. Mills will next conduct his hero we know not, (for this is only one part of his Travels), but we find that he intends to bring him into England, where he will arrive at a good season,—perhaps rather too early, as it will be only in the dawn of the Elizabethan age of English literature. If, however, Mr. Mills renders him as agreeable in England as in Italy, his visit at any time will be acceptable.

*Poetical Essays: By A. J. Mason. Embellished with eleven Engravings on Wood. 8vo. pp. 111. London.*

MR. MASON is not a solitary instance of the union of a love of poetry and a taste for the fine arts; there are several individuals living who possess both; and if, in the present case, we cannot award our author a high praise for his poetical genius, we can speak with great confidence of his talents as an artist. The eleven engravings with which this little work is embellished, from designs by Thurston, afford a very striking proof of the advanced state of wood engraving; the designs are pretty, and the execution that of a skilful artist. But, lest what we have said of Mr. Mason's muse should cause an unfavourable impression, we beg to observe that several of the pieces do him much credit even as a poet. We select one, which, though not the best, is of a convenient length for quoting.

#### MEMORY.

When peaceful Solitude reigns o'er the mind,  
And wand'ring thoughts rove free and unconfin'd;

With Mem'ry's pleasing retrospective eye,  
We glance at scenes and days long glided by:  
The various infant passions, joys, and fears,  
That mark'd the progress of our early years;  
A happy state! when no ill-omen'd pow'r  
Could hold its sway beyond the fleeting hour:  
If trivial cares disturb'd the childish breast,  
A joy as trivial, sooth'd those cares to rest.  
Those sportive scenes we cease to recollect,  
And to maturer years our thoughts direct;  
When trifling pleasures lose the pow'r to charm,

And other throbs the feeling bosom warm.  
The lover, veil'd by night's impervious shade,  
Invokes with fervour Mem'ry's gentle aid;  
From various valu'd favours joys accrue,  
And fond remembrance cheers the mental view;  
His love-fraught bosom, (flatter'd by the past,) Looks calmly on to happiness at last;  
By Hope inspir'd, his fears are lull'd to rest,  
In Lethean sleep he sinks, supremely blest.  
The thrilling rapture Memory revives,  
Of transient pleasures in our former lives,  
And thus those happy scenes, devoid of pain,  
In blissful thought, the mind enjoys again:  
If, in the view, some gloomy spots we find,  
Where harsh afflictions press'd the troubled mind,

Sweet Hope descends her genial aid t' impart,  
And points to future joys, to soothe the smart;  
That fav'ring genius, hov'ring ever near,  
Her balm affords, to dry th' intruding tear.  
Th' advancing child, when trifles cease t' engage,  
Tir'd of the past, looks on to riper age;  
The pious man (entwin'd by icy Death,  
While life hangs quiv'ring on his trembling breath,)

Feels no corroding pangs, no black despair,  
His whole past life reviews, no guilt is there;  
By Mem'ry thus consol'd, his fears decrease,  
And cheer'd, by Hope, he smiling dies in peace.  
The sad reverse is he, whose life appears  
A blacken'd scroll of dissipated years;  
Remembrance teems with horror, no bright ray  
Illumes his dismal, dark, tormenting way;



No glimm'ring hope, his frighted soul to save;  
In mad despair, he fills the yawning grave.  
'Tis thus that Memory will with truth assail,  
As good or evil o'er the mind prevail;  
And if the backward glance be bright and pure,  
Inspiring Hope points on to bliss secure;  
But if the past have naught but vice to shew,  
The future teems with horror, dread, and woe.  
When I'm enfeebled by decrepid age,  
When serious thoughts of death my mind en-  
gage;  
O! may my conscience be serene and clear!  
May Mem'ry smiling, check the rising fear!  
May heav'nly Hope reveal the blissful road,  
That leads to Peace, to Happiness, and God.'

### HISTORY OF THE BLACK WATCH, OR FORTY-SECOND HIGHLANDERS.

[FROM COL. STEWART'S SKETCHES.]

It was formed in 1740 by the union of a number of independent companies, which had subsisted since 1730 for the protection of the Highlands: their first colonel was the Earl of Crawford. At this period carrying arms was prohibited, and young men of the best families gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of entering into the Black Watch to be relieved from the sense of degradation and dishonour attached to the idea of being disarmed. It was accordingly, we are told, no uncommon thing, on the first embodying of the regiment, to see private soldiers riding to the exercising ground, followed by servants carrying their firelocks and uniforms.

In March, 1743, when the regiment was assembled at Perth, it received orders to march for England; such a route was unexpected by the men, who expressed no small surprise on the occasion. The measure roused the indignation of many, and was particularly disapproved of and opposed by the Lord President Forbes, who thought their presence essential to the peace of the Highlands—and that for that purpose alone they were embodied. The opposition of the men themselves, however, was got over by pretending that their going to England was 'only to shew themselves to the King, who had never seen a Highland regiment.'

During the march to England, great good humour prevailed, heightened, no doubt, by the friendly and unbounded hospitality which they experienced in the country and towns on their route through England. As they approached the metropolis, however, says a writer quoted by Colonel Stewart,—

'They were exposed to the taunts of the *true-bred English clowns*, they became more gloomy and sullen. Animated, even to the lowest private, with the feelings of gentlemen, they could ill brook

the rudeness of bores, nor could they patiently submit to affronts in a country to which they had been called by invitation of their sovereign. A still deeper cause of discontent preyed upon their minds. A rumour had reached them upon their march, that they were to be embarked for the plantations. The fate of the marines, the invalids, and other regiments who had been sent to these colonies, seemed to mark out this service as at once the most perilous and the most degrading to which British soldiers could be exposed. With no enemy to encounter worthy of their courage, there was another consideration which made it peculiarly odious to the Highlanders. By the act of Parliament of the eleventh of George I. transportation to the colonies was denounced against the Highland rebels, &c. as the greatest punishment that could be inflicted upon them except death; and when they heard that they were to be sent there, the galling suspicion naturally arose in their minds, that "*after being used as rods to scourge their own countrymen, they were to be thrown into the fire.*" These apprehensions they kept secret even from their own officers, and the ease with which they dissembled them is the best evidence of the deep impression they had made. Amidst all their jealousies and fears, however, they looked forward with considerable expectation to the review, when they were to come under the immediate observation of his Majesty or some of the royal family. On the 14th of May, they were reviewed by Marshal Wade and many persons of distinction, who were highly delighted with the promptitude and alacrity with which they went through their military exercises, and gave a favourable report of them where it was likely to operate most to their advantage. From that moment, however, all their thoughts were bent upon the means of returning to their own country, and on this wild and romantic march they accordingly set out a few days after. Under pretence of preparing for the review, they had been enabled to provide themselves unexpectedly with some necessary articles, and confiding in their capability of enduring privations and fatigue, they imagined that they should have great advantages over any troops that might be sent in pursuit of them. It was upon the night between Tuesday and Wednesday after the review, that they assembled upon a common near Highgate, and commenced their march to the north. They kept as nearly as possible between the two great roads, passing from wood to wood in such a manner, that it was not well known which way they moved. Orders were issued to the lords justices, to the commanding officers of the forces stationed in the counties between them and Scotland, and an advertisement was published by the Secretary at War, exhorting the civil officers to be vigilant in their endeavours to discover their route. It was not, however, until eight o'clock in the evening of Thursday, May

1<sup>st</sup>, that any certain intelligence of them was obtained; and they had then proceeded as far as Northampton, and were supposed to be shaping their course towards Nottinghamshire. General Blakeney, who commanded at Northampton, immediately dispatched Captain Ball, of Wade's regiment of horse, an officer well acquainted with that part of the country, to search after them. They had now entered Lady Wood, between Brig Slo-den and Dean Thorp, about four miles from Oundle, when they were discovered. Captain Ball was joined in the evening by the general himself, and about nine all the troops were drawn up in order near the wood where the Highlanders lay. Seeing themselves in this situation, and unwilling to aggravate their offence by the crime of shedding the blood of his Majesty's troops, they sent one of their guides to inform the general that he might, without fear, send an officer to treat of the terms on which they should be expected to surrender. Captain Ball was accordingly delegated, and, on coming to a conference, the captain demanded that they should instantly lay down their arms and surrender as prisoners, at discretion. This they positively refused, declaring that they would rather be cut to pieces than submit, unless the general should send them a written promise, signed by his own hand, that their arms should not be taken from them, and that they should have a free pardon. Upon this the captain delivered the conditions proposed by General Blakeney, viz. that if they would peaceably lay down their arms and surrender themselves prisoners, the most favourable report should be made of them to the lords justices. When they again protested that they would be cut in pieces rather than surrender, except on the condition of retaining their arms and receiving a free pardon. "Hitherto," exclaimed the captain, "I have been your friend, and am still anxious to do all I can to save you, but if you continue obstinate an hour longer, surrounded as you are by the King's forces, not a man of you shall be left alive, and, for my own part, I assure you that I shall give quarter to none." He then demanded that two of their number should be ordered to conduct him out of the wood. Two brothers were accordingly ordered to accompany him. Finding that they were inclined to submit, he promised them both a free pardon, and taking one of them along with him, he sent back the other to endeavour by every means to overcome the obstinacy of the rest. He soon returned with thirteen more. Having marched these to a short distance from the wood, the captain again sent one of them back to his comrades, to inform them how many had submitted, and in a short time seventeen more followed the example. These were all marched away with their arms, (the powder being blown out of their pans,) and when they came before the general, they laid down their arms. On returning to the wood, they

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found the whole body disposed to submit to the general's troops.'

To the preceding account of this unfortunate affair Col. S. adds an extract from a pamphlet of the day, detailing a short examination of two of the deserters, which shews the feelings by which they were influenced, their suspicions of an attempt to entrap them, and the horror with which they were impressed of the country and climate to which they believed themselves destined:—

'Private Gregor Grant being asked several questions, answered through an interpreter as follows: "I am neither Whig nor Papist, but I will serve the king for all that; I am not afraid; I never saw the man I was afraid of."

"I will not be cheated, nor do any thing by trick. I will not be transported to the plantations like a thief and a rogue."

"They told me I was to be sent out to work with black slaves; that was not my bargain, and I will not be cheated."

John Stewart, of Captain Campbell of Carrick's company, being interrogated, answered as follows:—

"I did not desert, I only wanted to go back to my own country, because they abused me, and said I was to be transported."

"I had no leader or commander; we had not one man over the rest."

"We were all determined not to be tricked. We will all fight the French and Spaniards, but will not go like rogues to the Plantations."

"I am not a Presbyterian, no nor a Catholic."

After the deserters were taken back to London, they were tried by a court martial upon the 8th of June, found guilty, and condemned to be shot; but the capital part of the punishment was remitted to all but three, Corporals Malcolm and Samuel M'Pherson (brothers), and Farquhar Shaw, who were ordered for execution, and shot accordingly on Tower Hill.

'While upon duty at Dublin, in the year 1770, a Scotch vessel lay in the bay, the master of which was an old friend of three of the regiment. This man was arrested for a debt of considerable amount, and lodged in jail. There he was visited by his military friends, through whose means he made his escape. The keeper of the prison suspected the soldiers, and took out a warrant to apprehend them, and sent them to prison. When this was reported to the commanding officer, Colonel Gordon Graham, he mentioned the circumstance at the morning parade, and expatiated upon the disgrace that such conduct reflected upon the regiment. The companies immediately consulted together, and resolved to subscribe a sum equal to the debt! and, on condition that the men should be discharged, and their

punishment left to their own commanding officer, they pledged themselves to satisfy the demands of the creditor. This offer was rejected, and the jailor, who was responsible for the debt, refused to give up the prosecution. Lord Townshend, then Lord-Lieutenant, hearing of the circumstance, was so much pleased with the conduct of the regiment, that he ordered the three men to be set at liberty, and became himself responsible for the debt.'

*Waterloo.*—'The 42nd was drawn up in a field of wheat, nearly breast high. A body of French cavalry were mistaken for Prussians or Belgians. The mistake was not discovered till too late to receive the squadrons of the enemy in proper formation. The men threw themselves into a kind of square, which was not nearly completed when the enemy advanced in full charge, and with great impetuosity. But, however imperfect the condition in which they were to receive the enemy, it was sufficient for the purpose. They were repulsed and forced back at every point, but still they persevered and renewed their attempts to break in upon the troops, who stood back to back, every man fighting on his ground, till he fell or forced his enemy to retreat. The enemy could not comprehend this (obstinacy.) In the case of men taken off their guard and nearly surprised, rushing up into a hurried formation, and rapidly grouped in support of each other, their assailants expected an easy victory. Their officers frequently called out, "Why don't you surrender? Down with your arms, you see you are beaten." Speaking of this affair after the battle, some of the prisoners expressed their surprise. "Your people must be very ignorant, they knew not when to surrender, although conquered. We beat them, yet they stood." It is to be hoped that our soldiers will long continue in this state of ignorance.'

'The Royal Highland Regiment lost (only) five men killed at the battle of Waterloo!!'

### Americana,

No. VI.

*On seeing the Tartans and Blue Bonnets worn in Baltimore.*

FAR from the wild lone battling shore,  
The mountain rugged, stern, and hoar,  
The scented wood and heather brake,  
The brawling brook and sleepy lake,  
Land of the tartan and the plume,  
Of bonnet blue and sandal'd shoon;  
Far from those haunts, still prized and dear,  
With the romance of mountaineer—  
Far from the spot, where two dove eyes  
First drew from me unbidden sights;  
And o'er those eyes the bonnet plume  
Danced light and free, and the warm bloom  
Of roses flushed a neck and face,  
Whose symmetry was lost in grace:—  
Around her zone, the tartan plaid  
Was flung, and well became the maid;  
Needs not to tell my mute surprise,  
(A bard, tho' dumb, will have his eyes!)

When wandering in a foreign clime,  
I saw the mountain drapery shine!

When first I saw the tartan sheen,  
The chequered bars of blue and green;  
Those hieroglyphics of a clan,  
Which Highlanders alone can scan!  
I wot my pleasure was not less  
To see Fredonian loveliness,  
Had drawn old Scotia's garb around,  
Her sylph-like form by beauty crown'd;  
The beaming eye, the silken hair,  
The polished forehead high and fair,  
The dimples playing round a mouth  
Where all was gladness, health, and youth;  
All this beneath the bonnet plume,  
Has banished sadness, care, and gloom,  
From my cold heart—for when I see  
The tartan scarf and beauty's 'ee,  
Old days, old scenes, and joys long past,  
Will rush upon the soul, and cast  
A shadowy light—a fleeting beam,  
Of pleasures now become a dream!  
But still they cling around the heart,  
Like perfumes that have left a part  
Of their own essence to declare,  
They still in spirit linger there—  
Faith, I forgot, and sermonize,  
A brother bard must sympathize—  
Then, bless the bonnet and cockade,  
The sable plume and tartan plaid;  
May those fair nymphs, who deign to grace  
The symbols of an ancient race,  
Be blest with every joy in life,  
As sister, mother, daughter, wife;  
And e'er another year be past,  
I hope a title to the last,  
My friend will on some fair confer,  
And win the right to worship her;  
Proud of her worth, she'll ne'er abuse  
Her rival in his lively muse!—  
Farewell, my friend, adieu: adieu!  
Remember RANALD AWA DHU.  
Baltimore, Dec. 17, 1821.

*Frogs in America.*—To Europeans, the noise of the frogs, of which there are great numbers in the New England states, consisting of several species, is at first very alarming; they utter no less than thirty different hideous cries: the most prominent is that of the bull frog, the voice of which resembles the bellowing of the bull, and is equally as sonorous. In order to give the reader some idea of their great numbers and of their frightful cries, the following circumstance is stated, which has been vouched for an absolute fact by a native of the place:—One summer-night, in the month of July, 1751, the town of Wyndham, which stands on the borders of the Winnomantic river, in Connecticut, was greatly alarmed by a number of these reptiles, which were marching, or rather hopping in a body, from an artificial pond, near three miles square, that by the exceeding heat of the weather, was dried up. This pond was about five miles from Wyndham, and in their way to the Winnomantic river, they were under the necessity of keeping the road that led through town; they entered about midnight—the bull frog, as being the most powerful in size as well as voice,



in the front, the rest following; they were so exceedingly numerous, that they were some hours passing through, and, for want of water, unusually clamorous. The inhabitants were greatly terrified, and fled from their beds naked, nearly half a mile, imagining that they were the French and Indians; the men, after a small recollection, finding no enemy in pursuit, mustered courage enough to return; when they came near the town, they imagined they distinctly heard the words *wight, hel-derkin, dier, and terte*, which resembles the noise they make, and in their fright they thought the last word meant *treaty*, when three of them, in their shirts, approached to treat with the general of the French and Indians, but being dark, and no answer given, their terrors were greatly increased, and they were distracted between hope and fear: at length day-light appearing, they were eased from all their anxiety, by discovering, that this terrific enemy was an army of frogs, dying with thirst, going to the river for a little water.

*Generous Negro.*—A law in force in the territory of Michigan, provides for the sale, at public auction, of all idle and dissolute persons, on whom costs of prosecution may have accrued. A white man was, under this act, lately offered 'to the highest bidder,' at Detroit, in pursuance of the direction of the court before whom he had been examined.—In the crowd assembled to witness the scene, appeared a sturdy Negro, in the character of a purchaser, who actually bid off the *property!* for which he paid one dollar. After hearing from the auctioneer, 'your's, sir,' the Negro walked up to his slave with all the majesty of a planter, (Judge Washington could not have done it better) and after bestowing several opprobrious epithets upon his trembling vassal, he concluded in a firm and impressive tone, '*follow your master,*' and moved off the ground, the purchased animal obeying him! Thus far the black had successfully imitated what is often seen in the southern states; but, as if disdaining to follow an example further than the rules of justice permitted, he took his victim on board the steam-boat, then lying at the wharf, and, having safely conveyed him out of the territory, he gave him both the price of his passage and his native freedom.—*Canandagua Repository.*

NEW SECT IN AMERICA.

The following advertisement of a new

sect is copied from the New York Evening Post of Feb. 15:—

'Politics is Religion, and Religion is Politics. Nature teaches Wisdom! Revelation, Love.

'*Constitution for the "Union Concentric Society of Light:" a Commonwealth of Immanuel! in Paradise regained:—*

'The government is in a male and female president, and twelve male and twelve female deliberators, always ballotted for monthly; each sex voting in their own. These twenty-four elders are also a grand jury; and male culprits are tried by the male judge and jurors. The females try their own sex. No other officers can exist: and no proxy work. The concurrence of the two parents, and of the upper and lower house, must always be had.

'The law is—love each other, and be to others what they should be to you, as explained by Jesus, the priest of revelation, and not Moses, the priest of nature.

'A free church, and all religious opinions in the world will be tolerated.

'The trumpets and music shall rejoice at the birth of a live child.

'Animals for food shall die by a guillotine.

'Those members who eat flesh, work six hours a-day,—those who eat none, three hours; provided they refrain from imported tea, coffee, all manner of spirituous and fermented liquors, and tobacco. If they use any of these luxuries, then, for each, it is fifty minutes a-day added to the six or three hours. But spirituous liquors, two hours.

'This being a theocracy, the dress shall resemble the cheapest and easiest made among the first Jews. The houses shall be only one story high. No money, gold or silver, shall be kept within the commonwealth. Self-love and self-will shall yield to social love and the aggregate will. All property is in common. *Mine and thine* abolished. One half of each individual's prior wealth is sunk in the land, and perhaps one fourth for books, museum, arts, and sciences. The youth of both sexes are at school till twelve years old, all the day; and till eighteen, half. They should know more than any others on earth of their age, for the credit of the cause. All punishments are in the ratio of the offence to the danger of the community.

'No member can be ejected while he abides by this constitution, a part of which shall never be altered, but lasts with the land, both unchangeable, un-

saleable, while grass grows and water runs, an everlasting inheritance.

'Given at the city of *Peace* (though in too much reality, New York), this being a general invitation to your tents, O Israel.

'EDWARD POSTLETHWAYT PAGE.'

## Original Communications.

MEHEMET ALI PACHA, VICEROY OF EGYPT.

*To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.* SIR,—In looking over a file of continental papers, I accidentally fell upon an article relating to the history of the present Viceroy of Egypt and his sister. As it appears to me to possess a great deal of interest, and to contain matter not generally known in England, I send a literal translation of it for insertion in your publication, if you think it of sufficient merit. I am Sir,

Your obedient servant,  
Ghent, March 20, 1822. J. D.

It is not hitherto known that the Viceroy of Egypt, who acts so important a part in the affairs of the present day, was born a Frenchman. The following facts appear to be authentic; and, although the Christian name of this mussulman prince is not yet revealed, the motives for keeping it secret may be readily attributed to reasons of a political and private nature.

Mehemet Ali and his sister Aline, (since the Sultana Valide,) were born at Martinique, in the years 1763 and 1764, in one of the finest situations of that colony. Their father was a superior officer of the militia, distinguished for bravery: the Marquis de Bouillon, who had witnessed the honourable career of this officer, took occasion to recommend him to the notice of his government, who, in reward for his services, granted him the cross of St. Louis, an appointment of a place at Saint Cyr for his daughter, and a second lieutenancy for his son, in the Regiment de Bouillon, at that time in garrison at Marseilles.

The brother and sister embarked in a merchant vessel belonging to that port, but the ship being taken, in the Mediterranean, by an Algerine corsair, they, with the crew of the vessel, were sold as slaves at Algiers. Mehemet, rather than remain in slavery, requested to serve under the orders of the Algerine captain: he was then but fifteen years of age, his sister was only fourteen. Aline being carried to Smyrna by an Armenian slave dealer, refused the proposition of the French

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consul at that place, Monsieur L'Amoureux, who offered to pay her ransom, an old negress having foretold to her that she would one day become elevated to the rank of a princess. The Armenian sold her to Isaac Aga, son to Ibrahim, grand custom-master at Constantinople; the latter made a present of her to Abdul Hamed, who, in 1770, occupied the imperial throne of the Ottomans. Aline entered the harem as odalisque, but her superior beauty soon elevated her to the dignity of the favourite sultana.

The first wishes of the sultana were to recover her brother: her emissaries soon succeeded in finding him amongst the guards of the Dey of Algiers, where his courage and address had attracted notice. The Dey considered himself but too happy in giving him up at the request of the Grand Seignior.

Mehemet, having joined his sister at Constantinople, was lodged in the seraglio at the College of the Icoglans. Aline was brought to bed, in 1784, of Mahomed, the present reigning prince, but her influence and favour ceased at the death of Abdul Hamed. During the succeeding reigns of Selim and Mustapha, Aline retired into the Old Seraglio, where she gave herself up to the education of her son. As for Mehemet, her brother, he made his first campaign, in the capacity of Aga, against the French in Egypt; he there owed his life to M. Lyon, captain in the French cavalry, serving in the regiment of Colonel Lasalle; Mehemet being taken prisoner, obtained his liberty through the intervention of Captain Lyon, and returned to Constantinople. He was there at the time of the famous revolution of Mustapha Baraictier, and at the death of Sultan Selim. He powerfully seconded Ramin Effendi, when the latter blew up Baraictier in the tower in which he had intrenched himself with his women and his treasure. It was Mehemet who, in concert with Ramin Effendi, at the head of 2000 Albanians, caused Mahomed Sultan to be proclaimed by a fatwa of the grand musté. It was then that Aline quitted the Old Seraglio, and became the Sultana Valide.

When all the troubles became appeased by the death of Sultan Mustapha IV., Mahomed confided the pacification of Egypt to his uncle Mehemet; the latter assumed his government in 1808, reduced the Chief of the Mamelukes to obedience, and shortly after declared himself Pacha Viceroy

by a firman of the grand seignior. Aline died in 1817.

An interesting anecdote proves that gratitude is a virtue to which the heart of Mehemet is no stranger. Captain Lyon, on his return from Egypt, quitted the service of arms to succeed his father in trade, at Marseilles. In one of his maritime expeditions, he went with his ship laden with wheat into the port of Cavello; Mehemet, who at the time commanded in that country as Beglier Bey, recognized his old benefactor, and rendered him important services: he would have made the fortune of Captain Lyon, had he not been prevented by his premature death. M. Lascaris, the Egyptian consul at Marseilles, shortly after that event, received orders to pay to the sister of Captain Lyon 10,000 francs.

Mehemet governs Egypt with wisdom and humanity. His son, Ibrahim Pacha, has reduced the Wahabites, retaken the Tomb of the Prophet, and discovered the Oasis, where is situated the ancient temple of Jupiter Ammon. The viceroy has caused the Alexandrian Canal, of twenty-two leagues in length, to be excavated; he encourages the culture of the sugarcane, of which he caused the first plants to be brought from Martinique; he has created a marine of merchants as well as of ships of war, and put an end to the oppressions which impeded the European commerce at Cairo. His particular affection for the French is indubitable: it is to this partiality that Messieurs Drovette and Palavoine, the French consuls, owe the influence they possess in Egypt, and of which the permission that he granted for the removal of the Zodiac of Denderah is an unequivocal proof.

Mehemet Ali-Pacha receives, regularly, all the principal works which appear in the French language; particularly those which treat of the sciences and useful arts. He is one of the oldest subscribers to the Constitutional French paper.

The details we have given above are extracted from a manuscript communicated by a French emigrant, who was for a long time employed under the English legation at Constantinople. He intends shortly to publish the history complete of Mehemet and Aline, from authentic documents in his possession. Such a work cannot fail to excite the public curiosity, and to be received with interest.

## ESSAY ON HOMER.

### THIRD LETTER.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Ere I conclude my observations on the Iliad, let me consider the character of him, who was to the Trojans what Achilles was to the Greeks: I mean Hector. Possessed of all those qualities, which distinguish the hero, he was untainted by that pride, which is often the substitute and sometimes the consequence of merit. His tenderness and humility might be illustrated by a thousand examples; the following are the more striking:—

I have already alluded to the dialogue of Hector and Andromache; I must, however, be permitted to observe, that I do not think it possible to read the expression of Hector, without being affected by his *conjugal and parental piety*.

Nobody had suffered more through Helena than Hector; through her it was, that so many of his brothers were slain; through her his country, which he loved more than his life, was nearly ruined; through her, he himself was exposed to the perils and hardships of a tedious and bloody war, and still he ever behaved to her with mildness and complacency, as she herself testifies, Z. 355 and Ω. 762 et seq.

How ingenuous is his acknowledgment of his inferiority to Achilles!

Οὐδὰ δ' ὅτις μιν ἰσθλός, ἰγὼ δὲ σέθεν πολὺ χεῖρων·

Ἀλλ' ἦτοι μιν ταῦθ' αἰὶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται.

Υ. 434.

Must not his humility exalt him greatly in our opinion? Particularly when compared to the haughtiness of Achilles.

His bravery we cannot express as well as it is described by the chorus of the Trojan Virgins,

Columen patriæ, mora fatorum,  
Tu præsidium Phrygius fessis,  
Tu muris eras; humerisque tuis  
Stetit illa decem fulta perannos;  
Tecum cecidit, summusque dies  
Hectoris idem patriæque fuit.

We shall conclude his character with the noted epitaph:—

Hectoris hic tumulus, cum quo sua Troja  
sepulta est;  
Conduuntur pariter, qui perire simul.

As I am conscious of having already grown tedious with my observations on the Iliad I shall end with a short comparison of the Iliad and Odyssey, the most excellent of Homer's writings, and at the same time the most undoubted, as many celebrated critics have disputed the authenticity of the *Batrachomyomachia* and the *Hymns*.



The period of the events narrated in the Iliad, is prior to the adventures, which constitute the subject matter of the Odyssey, and a superficial acquaintance with both will suffice to shew that the former was the first written; and that for the following reasons:

I. The Iliad may be considered as the foundation of and introduction to the Odyssey, so that the latter seems to expect the reader already acquainted with the former.

II. The Iliad contains a description of warlike enterprises, the Odyssey of men and manners; so that the former is more suitable to youthful ardor, the latter to aged experience.

III. The Odyssey is in my opinion, free from many faults, which may reasonably be objected to the Iliad.—This I may, perhaps, on some future occasion, have an opportunity to demonstrate.

As Achilles is the principal hero of the Iliad, thus is Ulysses the chief personage of the Odyssey, whom Homer characterises as a man who has experienced the persecutions of fortune, (*ἀνδρα πολυτροπον*). We are, therefore, immediately inclined to expect greater instruction from the adventures of Ulysses than from those of an inexperienced youth. Perhaps Homer wished to shew his great talents in choosing such opposite characters; the one all violence and nature, the other all art and deliberation. The one exposes the pernicious effects of anger, the other celebrates the triumph of prudence over all obstacles.

The best translations of Homer are that of Madame Dacier into French, that of Pope into English, and of Voss into German. The French translator excels by her critical knowledge, the English by his poetical genius, the German by his happiness in adhering faithfully to the original without trespassing against the genius of his own language. Yet, on the whole, I must confess, that, could I not comprehend Homer in the original, I would sooner read Voss than any other translation. I am too much aware of my own weakness to consider my opinion as infallible.

With unfeigned esteem, I am,

Dear Sir,

Your obedient humble servant

And constant correspondent,

March 18th, 1822. LABIENUS.

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARIES.  
To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Among the number of publications on different literary subjects,

which have issued from the press of this country within the last fifty years, there are few so defective and otherwise objectionable as our biographical dictionaries.

The General Biography by Dr. Aikin, and the last edition of the Biographical Dictionary by Chalmers, are by far too bulky for common use. One of these is, however, at present almost indispensably necessary for the library of the professed student; and, in spite of the party spirit which deforms the first, and the number of trifling articles with which the other is loaded, they both possess much general utility. A work on a more condensed plan, and of a more portable size, is certainly still wanting for popular use. Such an one we might have expected to have been found in Dr. Watkin's Biographical Dictionary. But this work is not without its defects. It is certainly impossible for an individual to complete a dictionary of general biography, without copying a great deal from former compilers. Even the gigantic talents and industrious accuracy of Bayle, would not have sufficed for the formation of his great Historical and Classical Dictionary, if he had not borrowed much from the labours of others. And he fairly advertizes the reader, that he was obliged often to give references to the authors which he quotes, on the authority of others.

These observations will shew, that it is easier to point out deficiencies in works on general biography, than to correct them. But though it may be useless to expect any thing superior to the publications above noticed, on the same extensive plan; yet, by contracting the scheme to British Biography, an individual may be enabled to produce a more accurate and less imperfect work. As an additional reason for an attempt of this kind, I may observe that the last edition of Dr. Watkin's Dictionary contains no account of many celebrated natives of Great Britain and Ireland, whose lives ought to have been inserted. Among these I will mention a few.—George Adams, Optician, author of some valuable publications on natural philosophy; John Bird, mathematical instrument maker; Mrs. Abingdon, actress; Edw. Shuter, comedian; Spranger Barry, actor; Wm. Baffin, navigator; John Hill, Bp. of Bath and Wells, the author of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, said to be the earliest comedy in the English language; Wm. Crowe, author of a poem intitled, *Lewesdon Hill*; Peter Henry

Bruce, a writer of travels; Michael Bruce, poet; Ann Yearsley, poetess; Dr. French Lawrence; Wm. Gascoigne, a mathematician of the seventeenth century, who is said to have invented the micrometer; Henry Mossop, actor.\* These are only a few names from a list of omissions in Watkin's Biographical Dictionary, which I drew up, after a slight perusal of that work.

I have, for some years past, been engaged in collecting materials for a Dictionary of British Biography, which, independent of any other advantages which it may possess, will obviously form a useful supplement to those works which I have already mentioned. The lives of such of our countrymen as have gained fame either in the field of war, or the field of science, cannot fail to prove interesting to Englishmen. A specimen of such a dictionary I hope soon to lay before the public. In the mean time, I shall esteem myself highly obliged to any of your readers, if they will furnish me with any information which may contribute towards the completion of my design. I should be particularly glad to procure authentic accounts of the following individuals, whose names occur in the first letter of the alphabet: Edward Alanson, surgeon, the author of some improvements in his profession, who, I believe, resided at Lynn, in Norfolk; Eleazer Albin, publisher of works on zoology, with plates; Stanesby Alchorne, a writer on metallurgy, who held an office in the Mint; and Peter Annett, an Infidel writer of some celebrity in the last century. For accounts of all, or any of these persons, communicated through the pages of your journal, I shall feel much obliged.

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c. J.

#### LITERARY BUSY-BODIES.

OF all species of interference, perhaps the most impertinent is that of a person, himself not a regular practitioner in any vocation, presuming to give

\* In justice to Dr. Watkins, whose work is one of great labour and diligence, we ought to state, that we believe he never contemplated giving the lives of mere actors, however numerous. His work, which contains, we believe, a notice of ten or twelve thousand persons, would have been much increased by such an extension of the plan as our correspondent contemplates. There is however, no doubt, a vast and interesting field of neglected biography, which an industrious author might collect, and the doing of which would be a great service to literature.—ED.



rules to those who are to correct and amend their works according to his own ideas of propriety. Advice or opinion is one thing; regulation or alteration is another. Burke, whose comprehensive faculties and extensive knowledge left few subjects beyond the span of his mind, frequently gave the practical mechanic hints in casual conversation, by which the latter was enabled to alter his system of workmanship with advantage; this was worthy of the philosopher and philanthropist. A fellow of the same college in which Burke received his education, going to view a public work which was in progress, took it into his head to instruct the workmen how to use their crows and levers, and, by way of shewing his learning, brandished one of those instruments with great fury, and assailed a large stone with the utmost impetuosity. The effect of his thirst of innovation and desire for glory was, that the stone remained unmoved, and he broke his own shins over the lever. Now, what makes the difference between Burke and the fellow of college? why, the former philosophically offered his advice, while the latter dogmatically attempted to regulate.

But the most impudent attempt of this kind is, where a dull writer undertakes to alter a passage in an imaginative one; for instance, where the latter is a poet and the other is not. In such a case, even advice should be offered with much caution. No mental quality or qualification, but imagination, can possibly supply the place of imagination; nor can the most critical knowledge or the exactest taste enable a person who wants this faculty, to substitute, with success, for what he may condemn with truth. In works of imagination, advice should never be other than negative, i. e. which recommends only obliteration or alteration to be made by the author himself. Where it becomes positive advice to substitute something of the adviser's own, it is the offspring of folly and egregious vanity. He who is a theoretical mechanic, who is acquainted with the powers and effects of bodies in their actions on each other, may hit upon the best practical means of employing mechanical instruments; though, even here, many considerations are unavoidably omitted in theory, which render the practical conclusions drawn from it very uncertain in effect; but, in imaginative compositions, no theory of imagination, no doctrine of its nature or properties, can teach you to imagine finely, unless

you have the faculty of imagination beside, and then the theory becomes superfluous. Thus I know, from the theory of physics, that to throw a cannon-ball to the greatest distance, I should elevate the mouth of the gun to an angle of  $45^\circ$  above the horizon; but though I may know from the theory of poetry, that in describing a sublime object, I should seize the most prominent characteristics, I am not a whit nearer the ability to describe it sublimely; imagination, and not theory, must teach me what those most prominent characteristics are, by setting the object before the mind's eye in its sublimest circumstances.

A notable example of this kind of impertinent folly is to be found in a new edition of one of Burns's songs, given by two of his friends; to wit, Thomson and Erskine. To elucidate the truth of the foregoing observations, and also to relieve this admirable poet from the strait-waistcoat which the above gentlemen obliged him to put upon his imagination in one of his most beautiful songs, I will beg leave to quote it as originally written, and then endeavour to shew the absurdity of the alterations which the poet was compelled (for I am sure it was not voluntary) to adopt. The song is known by the name of 'Wandering Willie.'

'Here awa, there awa, Wandering Willie,  
Now tired with wandering, haud awa hame,  
Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,  
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

'Loud blew the cauld winter-winds at our parting,  
But it was na the blast brought the tear in my ee,  
Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie,

The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

'Ye hurricanes rest in the cave o' your slumbers,

O how your wild horrors a lover alarms;  
Awaken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,  
And waft my dear laddie once mair to my arms.

'But if he's forgotten his faithfulest Nannie,  
O still flow between us thou wide roarin' main,  
May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
But dying, believe that Willie's my ain.'

This is the song as Burns originally wrote it. We now come to the alterations by the *par nobile fratrum*, Thomson and Erskine.

In the second line, instead of 'Now tired with wandering,' the *par nobile* write, 'Here awa, there awa.' I do not deny the force of repetition at proper times; thus, Shakespeare,—

'It is the cause—it is the cause, my soul;  
Let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars;  
It is the cause.'—

This is impressive. But if any one can say the same of—

'Here awa, there awa, Wandering Willie,  
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame,'

I would be obliged to him to explain himself. In fact, the repetition here is tautology and nothing more; it gives no additional force to the sentiment. To prove this, compare it with the above instance from Shakespeare. When Othello repeats, 'It is the cause,' we are by this let into the knowledge of how deeply that unhappy 'cause' was seated in his breast, by its breaking out so frequently and intermittently; now, what does the repetition of 'here awa, there awa,' do for us?—nothing. But this is not the worst; the *par nob.* have not only given us 'words, words, words,' but they have deprived us of an exquisite beauty, by expunging the sentiment contained in the expression 'now tired with wandering.' Who does not perceive the beautiful tenderness so characteristic of feminine love, conveyed by these words? (i. e. who but such as the *par nob.*?) As much as to say 'when you can find no better object of your attachment, instead of receiving you with coldness for your unfaithful love towards me, when you are tired of all others, come to my bosom, and I will be satisfied even with the refuse, the reversion of your love.' What a sweet picture does this give us of woman's unabated fortitude of affection, which no ill-treatment, no neglect can destroy? This totally escaped the wise heads of the *par nob.*; why? Because they knew as much about poetry as a leaden Hercules does about gardening.

Again, in the fifth line; what kind of ears must the *par nob.* have had, when they could give us such a line as this for poetry?—

'Winter-winds blew loud and cauld at our parting.'

If Virgil's—

'Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.'

be a description of horse cantering, I hope the above line of the *par nob.* will be allowed to be not unlike a lame horse halting over a wooden bridge. If any one can read the above line, so as to make it any thing but barbarously untunable, the *par nob.* ought to be very much obliged to him. And what is it for? why, to throw the emphasis on 'win' instead of 'winds!' Excellent critics!

But let us reserve our indignation for the coming alteration. In the sixth



line, the poet tells us, in the most delicate and affecting manner, how poor Nannie wept for her wanderer; he tells it by implication, 'It was *na* the blast,' and leaves it to the readers heart to tell him what it *was* which 'brought the tears in her ee,' namely, her sorrow at parting. What do the *par nob.*? Why, they blurt out the broad, staring, unnecessary information, that 'Fears for her Willie brought tears in her ee;' the poor men had no idea of the poetical delicacy to be found in the poet's own expression; a circumstance was to be related, and it was as good to relate it in one way as another. But further: I said *unnecessary* information; it was more, it was *false* information; the *par nob.* put a lie in her mouth; the *par nob.* not only tells us what we did not want to be told, but they tell us a *bona-fide* lie; it was not 'fears' for his safety, but *sorrow* for his departure, which brought the tears. Sorrow is a natural cause of tears, fear is not; the line loses its own naturalness (if I may so speak) by this alteration. But this is the fruit of meddling; this it is to be a literary busy-body.

In the eighth line, the poet's expression is easy, natural, and poetical; the *par nob.s'* substitution is neither more nor less than a sum in the rule of three; they write, 'as summer to nature, so Willie to me,' which may be thus stated in arithmetical symbols:—

Summer : Nature :: Willie : Me.

i. e. multiply *Nature* by *Willie*, and dividing by *Summer* you will get *Me* for the answer. The oriental arithmetics are usually in verse; nay, Gough himself sometimes treats us with an interesting morsel of this kind; but I humbly submit that though arithmetic may be made poetical,—it is rather absurd to make poetry arithmetical.

There are divers other alterations by the *par nob.* in the above song, which the reader has only to look at, in order to perceive that they are either stupid mistakes or worthless corrections; and I can only again express my surprise at the insolence of any man not a poet, presuming to foist his own maudlin absurdities into the compositions of one who is.

CALAMUS.

### Original Poetry.

ORIGINAL POEM BY THE UNFORTUNATE DR. DODD.

[Through the kindness of a friend, we are enabled to present the readers of *The Literary Chronicle* with an unpublished poem by the unfortunate Dr. Dodd. The history of the poem,

from the time that it was first presented by the author to Dr. Butler, is so satisfactorily stated by our correspondent (who gives us his name and address, and to whom we take this opportunity of presenting our best thanks) that we have no doubt of its authenticity.—ED.]

#### GRATITUDE.—AN ODE.

AWAKE, awake the grateful lyre,  
With rapture touch each tuneful string;  
Spirit of love, my voice inspire,  
And aid me while the Saviour's praise I sing.  
Blessed master, whence to me  
All this rich benignity!  
Call'd from nothing, form'd from earth,  
Thine my being, thine my birth;  
What had I, alas! to claim?  
Freely all thy bounty came!  
If I wonder, why more free  
Flow those bounties, Lord, to me,  
Than to thousand' sons of dust,  
Who prefer a claim as just?  
All researches fruitless prove;  
—'Tis the Lord, and it is love.

Ah me! behold yon brother toil  
Up that sandy hill's high length,  
With feeble steps and slow; the while  
The thirsty sunbeams drink up all his strength!  
And his back a burden bears,  
And his head is white with cares;  
On his cheek sits want, all pale,  
And his languid eye-balls fail;  
Labour, penury, and he  
Hand-in-hand, a woeful three!  
Tottering on her staff behind,  
Weak in body, sad in mind,  
Lo—up she drags her weary frame,  
His long-approv'd industrious dame;  
Sighing oft, as on she goes,  
Revolving all her long life's woes!

Tell me, oh tell, ye aged pair,  
As my flaunting wheels whirl by,  
Can ye behold me, seated here,  
With other than a discontented eye?—  
I marvel not; and, gracious heav'n,  
If aught, sure this, may be forgiv'n.  
How they labour! while I ride,  
Dear affection by my side.  
Full health mantling in my eye,  
Gladness, peace, vivacity!  
Soothing friendship gives her balm;  
Soft content her happy calm:  
'Plenty wears me at her breast,  
Pleasure lulls my soul to rest.'  
Ev'ry hope and fear flows even  
From their source, firm faith in heav'n!

Thrice holy!—whence such love to me!  
These, these are thine, as well as I:  
My fellow-Christians, dear to thee—  
For ah! for them thou didst not scorn to die!  
Let me then the thought improve  
Into gratitude and love:  
Come, and make my heart thy home,  
Humanity, bright cherub, come;  
And my inmost soul impress  
With sympathetic tenderness:  
Time prolong but to bestow  
Balm to ev'ry brother's woe:  
Love I ask—may love be giv'n;  
God is love,—and love is heav'n!

Aug. 1760.

W. DODD.

#### LIBERTY.

WHEN sinks, 'neath western waves, the sun  
away,  
Can tyrants, million'd, summon light and day?  
Strong as his lord is not the fetter'd slave,  
To end eternity; or wake the grave?

And since, on earth, the mightiest—mightless  
be,

Like time shall last man's birthright to be free.

As soon the despot, in an ocean shell,  
Might bid proud empires rise, proud nations  
dwell,

As hope to prove, that led by partial whim,  
God form'd mankind to serve but things like  
him.

Or prove to noble minds that life contains  
A charm like freedom or a curse like chains.

Freedom to man is Heaven's almighty gift!  
Tho' stript of all, he's rich, with this but left,  
'Tis nature's dearest longest-lasting friend!

Its noon—eternity! in God—its end!  
'Tis man's best, earliest, spirit-speaking good—  
Stamp'd on his soul and charter'd in his blood!

'Midst hills and rocks, where verdure never  
smil'd—

Where rudest nature bears her hardest child,  
Pure, in each rough uncultivated breast,  
The spark concentrates, and the owner's blest;  
Babes, peasants, mountaineers imbibe the flame,  
And nobly breathe for liberty and fame.

Check'd by some hydra heart, some monster's  
nod,

For secret purposes, design'd by God,  
Awhile may slumber in inglorious gyves  
The loveliest land, where all but freedom  
thrives;

Tho' still the harsh gigantic hand of pow'r  
Must spare the root whence emanates the  
flower.

Awhile the world in wretchedness may roll  
The noblest yielding to the pettiest soul—  
The worthless prosp'ring where the worthy  
fall—

The most deserving suff'ring worst of all—  
The brave in bondage doom'd unseen to lie,  
To live despairing, unreveng'd to die.

Ah, years of infamy may glide away,  
To be but nam'd, remember'd with dismay!  
A wild expanse of wilderness and woe,  
Blight every virtue, every charm below!  
The pride of man be humbled with the worm,  
His pristine state all ruin'd save his form!

But still must come, omnipotently strong,  
To renovate mankind from every wrong,  
An hour, least look'd for, when the loud alarms  
Of freedom's shouts shall rouse the whole to  
arms;

Asunder burst the demon scourging chains,  
Unjustly lashing earth's insulted plains.

And when the brave are marshall'd on the  
plain—

The injur'd slaughtering and the inj'ring slain;  
Rush on, ye gallant,—thunder forth dismay,  
And banish ill-tim'd pity from the fray;  
Deal carnage round—to tyrants make it known,  
The more that fall the more the mercy shown.

Forbid, indeed, that e'er a suppliant's knee  
Should vainly plead for mercy from the free!  
That e'er the sword, unsheath'd for human  
good,

Should idly tamper in a victim's blood!  
Forbid that conquerors should inflict the woes,  
By them long suffer'd on defenceless foes!

But when suspended hangs the awful chance,  
If men in gyves or freedom shall advance—  
Long as a hostile arm has power to rise,  
Strike—strike! a fetter bursts in each that  
dies—

To doubt is base, to immolate sublime—  
Strike—strike! and save the world from chains  
and crime.

E. B.



## SONG.

TUNE—'Auld Robin Gray.'

Ah! fare thee well, dear Molly,  
I to the seas must go,  
While pensive melancholy  
Will fill thy breast with woe!  
As waves shall dash around me,  
When we are, love, from shore,  
Still, Molly, I will think of thee  
'Midst breakers' wildest roar!

Ah! when we, dear, are parted,  
And thou art left to mourn;  
By friends perhaps deserted,  
With want and anguish torn!  
Then thou wilt sigh, lov'd maiden,  
That I am far at sea,  
With heart all heavy laden,  
Ah! Sandy, woe is me!

Yet, Molly, we shall meet again  
Where seas divide no more,  
Nor waves nor breakers give thee pain,  
Secure with thee on shore!  
There, Molly, thou wilt cease to weep,  
And I shall bless thy charms,  
When safely from the raging deep  
I'm moor'd within thine arms.

HATT.

19th March, 1822

## The Drama.

**KING'S THEATRE.**—On Tuesday night, after Pacini's opera of *Il Barone di Dolsheim* had been played with great effect, a new ballet, called *Cendrillon*, was produced by M. Albert, founded on that delightful nursery tale, *Cinderella*, or the *Glass Slipper*. It has been performed for some time past at Naples, and has been transferred here with great splendour. The story, which is too well known to need repetition, is well told, from the humble situation of Cinderella to her highest elevation, by the magical enchantment of her benefactress. The scenery and decorations are very beautiful, and the dances naturally and judiciously introduced. The music is by Mr. Sor, a composer of great genius and ability. The principal performers were, Albert, who represented the prince; Mademoiselle Mercandotti, who made a delightful Cinderella; and Madame Anatole, who personated her eldest sister. These, with Mademoiselles Hullin and De Varennes, displayed much graceful and elegant dancing; the chorus dances by the figurantes also deserve particular notice, for their elegant grouping.—The house was crowded with rank and fashion.

**DRURY LANE.**—As the prejudices have worn off, it seems now to be generally acknowledged that Mr. Kean makes an excellent Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, save only that his imitation of the Anglo-Scottish dialect of the character is by no means correct. It is, however, as ridiculous to expect Mr.

Kean to speak broad Scotch as that Sir Pertinax, who had been, perhaps, half a century in England, and thirty-five years a courtier, should not have modified the original harshness of his dialect. The error in Kean is, that he pays too much attention to the mere dialect, in which he is, notwithstanding, very imperfect; and we do not know whether (though the experiment might be a hazardous one) we should not prefer seeing it played without any restraint of the sort as to language. Those, however, who cannot see many redeeming beauties in Kean's acting, which throw every slight imperfection in the shade, must either have a fastidious taste or little relish for the drama.

What could have tempted Mr. Elliston to produce Artaxerxes on Monday night we know not, unless it was that he made a few thousands by it last season; for, after the powerful manner in which it was then performed, it was really a species of madness to play it with performers so vastly inferior. Could Mr. Elliston think that Miss Cubitt could compensate for the absence of Braham, in Arbaces; Mr. T. Cooke for Mr. Horn, in Artabanes; or even Miss Forde for Miss Wilson, in Mandane. It was cruel to these very respectable performers to expect it. But, notwithstanding the disadvantage of such recollections, they generally acquitted themselves well. Miss Forde gave further evidence of her possessing a fine voice and a defective musical education. In several of the airs she received much applause, and in one was deservedly encored. Miss Cubitt sang prettily. Mr. T. Cooke tolerably; and Madame Vestris, in Artaxerxes, admirably; as did Miss Povey in the character she sustained last season.

**Oratorio.**—On Wednesday night, the selections from Lord Burghersh's serious drama of *Bajazet* were repeated. His lordship is acknowledged to possess a fine musical taste, and he has evinced it in this composition, which, mingling the beauties of Rossini with some pleasing additions of his lordship, cannot be charged as an absolute plagiarism, though not entirely original. The most original part is the concluding chorus, which is pleasing and effective.

The *Messiah* was admirably performed, particularly the choruses; and Sapio was very successful in 'Comfort ye;' and 'Unto us a child is born' was rapturously encored. The third act was miscellaneous, and introduced

several favourite pieces. At the conclusion of the first part, a duo concerto, for the harp, was performed by Bochsa and Dizi; the subject was the old Scottish song, 'We're a' Noddin;' and, decorated with all the richness of Bochsa's style, it was played in a brilliant manner. An admirable concerto of Viotti was also played with great skill by Mori. The house, we are happy to say, was very full.

**ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.**—In our first notice of Mr. Mathews's inimitable performances, we gave a hasty outline of the story; to complete it must still be left to Mr. Mathews; we, however, omitted to notice two of his songs, which, with a due portion of recitation, produce a most visible effect on the muscles of his crowded auditors. These are an Irish Rubber at Whist; which is certainly any thing but a silent game; and the interruptions of fresh visitors and of the players themselves, render it eminently ridiculous. 'The Volunteer field-day and Sham Fight,' another song is still more amusing; the *feu de joie* firing, instead of a volley; the awkwardness of the recruits picking their neighbour's teeth and tickling their ears in unfixing their bayonets, and falling not into ranks as ordered, but into the Paddington Canal; one of them wanting *summat* to drink, and inquiring the way to the Marquis of Granby's Head; and their patriotic toast, 'may the volunteers of *this parish* prove the terror of the world,' are all narrated and imitated with such irresistible humour, that it is impossible to avoid laughing at the story and being pleased with the actor.

## Literature and Science.

The fire at the library of Lucca has destroyed about seven thousand volumes; some manuscripts have also been consumed, amongst which were the Martyrology of Fiorentini, and several letters of learned men of the 15th and 16th centuries, including one of the celebrated Galileo. The valuable picture of Paolini has suffered so much from the smoke, that it is thought impossible to restore it.

**Extraordinary Discovery.**—A paper has been read before the Geological Society of London, announcing the discovery of an extensive vault or fosse in the north of England, filled with the bones of elephants, tigers, lions, hyenas, and other ferocious wild beasts. The bones of the other animals are indented with marks in various places



corresponding with the hyena's teeth; and the inference is, that these animals were congregated together for the purpose of promiscuous fight, or what is commonly called a welsh main, in which the hyenas proved victors. From various other observations it is inferred that this scene was acted previous to the flood.

There is a singular report prevalent that the Emperor of Russia is negotiating for the purchase of the royal library at Buckingham House; every volume of which was collected by his late majesty, who, on coming to the throne, presented the then royal library to the British Museum; and some have even gone so far as to hint that the library at Kew is also likely to be transferred to the autocrat of the North.—Confidently as this report is circulated, we cannot believe it.

### The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
'Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

#### A Pun.

Within the precincts of Soho,  
A tea-chest fell on a porter's toe  
And made him dance and reel :—  
Screwing his vizege up, he saith,  
'Thou art a shrewd instructor, faith!  
'Thou tea-ch-est! I can feel!' P.

**Definition of a Jacobin.**—At one of the Sunday dinners of Horne Tooke, at Wimbledon, the conversation turned on jacobinism; and one of the company asked for the meaning of the term. 'The jacobins,' said Lord Daer, who was present, 'may be defined undervaluers of church and state.' That, said Horne Tooke, is impossible.

Mr. Crowle, being reprimanded in the House of Commons, in 1751, for his conduct at the Westminster election, in rising from the ground, wiped his knees, and said, 'it was the dirtiest house he had ever been in.'

An abstract of the population of Ireland, according to the late census, printed by order of the House of Commons, makes the number of persons in 1821, in

Leinster .....	1,785,702
Munster .....	2,005,363
Ulster .....	2,001,966
Connaught .....	1,053,918

Total in Ireland .... 6,846,949

**Good Advice.**—Cobbett, in a letter to Carlile, who had called on him to explain why he preferred a monarchical to a republican government, gives him the following good advice, which he expresses a hope may be of use to him. 'You talk about *this*, and *that*, which

you will say to the Americans if you ever go to that country. Now, if you were, in that country, to put forth a paper, dated "in the year 1825 of the carpenter's wife's son," you would, as surely as your name is Richard Carlile, be instantly dressed in a coat of tar and feathers, and, in that dress be ridden *bare-rumped upon a rail*, till you dropped off by the side of some wood or swamp, where you would be left to ruminate on the wisdom (to say nothing of the modesty) of setting up for a maker of span-new governments and religions.

**Cortez.**—Fernandez Cortez, on his return from Mexico, being repulsed by the ministers of Philip II., and not being otherwise able to approach the king, presented himself in his way, and called out, 'I am Fernandez Cortez; I have conquered more territory for your majesty than you inherited from the Emperor Charles V., your father, and I am dying of hunger.' This was eloquence.

**Bullock's Museum.**—As a young cockney lady was walking with her father through Smithfield, in which many oxen were standing, she asked him, 'what place is this paa?' 'Why, my dear,' replied he,—'this is *Bullock's Museum*.'

**Dr. Johnson and Mallet.**—When the doctor first became acquainted with David Mallett, they once went with some other gentlemen to laugh away an hour at Southwark Fair. At one of the booths, in which wild beasts were exhibited to the wondering crowd, was a very large bear, which the show-man assured them was *catch'd* in the *undiscovered* deserts of the *remotest* parts of Russia. The bear was muzzled, and might therefore be approached with safety; but to all the company, except Johnson, he was very surly and ill tempered; of the philosopher he was extremely fond, rubbed against him, and displayed every mark of awkward partiality and subdued kindness. How is it, said one of the company, that this savage animal is so attached to Johnson? From a very natural cause, replied Mallett; the bear is a Russian philosopher, and he knows that Linneus would have placed him in the same class with the English moralist; they are two barbarous animals of one species. The doctor disliked Mallett for his tendency to infidelity, and the sarcasm turned this dislike into positive hatred. He never spoke to him afterwards, but has gibbeted him in his folio dictionary under the article *Liar*.

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